



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 9. No. 9. 2nd November, 1936



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,  
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

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Vol. 9.

NOVEMBER 2.

No. 9

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Monday, 28th December, 1936 (The Carrington Stakes) and Friday, 1st January, 1937 (Tattersall's Club Cup).

# The Club Man's Diary

The death of Mr. R. S. Miller will be regretted because of the man himself and the sportsman. To the general public he was known perhaps most widely as the owner of a champion racehorse, Windbag, but he did not need a Melbourne Cup winner, nor even such good 'uns as Topical and Loquacious, in addition, to win him a niche among those who go racing or in club and business life.

Robert Miller had a manly appeal among men particularly his own. He was generous and tolerant, broad-minded and frank. Everybody knew where he stood, and for what he stood. He had not a narrow streak in his whole make-up. Our friend will be remembered kindly.

\* \* \*

Bigger and brighter than ever will be the New Year's Eve revel in the club. Members are advised to make their reservations early to avoid the crush. This will be a date that everybody should keep.

\* \* \*

Mr. Jack Hides will tell a stirring story of his adventures in the Papuan wilds on the evening of November 11 in this club. He is a fine speaker with the gift of picturesque narration.

The address will be preceded by a musical programme.

\* \* \*

Mr. George Price is confined to the narrow space of a bed, and a hospital bed at that, is an amazing throw of circumstances. And at such a time as this! We picture George always as being on the go, his mind and body geared up to restless effort; always thinking, always moving.

He was stricken seriously, had to undergo an operation, but all that is now behind him, and it should not be long before he is among us again, sparkling on all four.

\* \* \*

Mr. Joe Matthews would be highly pleased, as would all who go racing, if he could come by another Winooka. Here was a class horse, in looks and in record, every inch

of his noble stature a champion. Remember the last occasion on which he was saddled at Randwick. Many excellent judges said that he was as handsome as an oil painting. Then, the anguish as he limped in, and the relief when it was known definitely that he could be saved for the stud.

Mr. Matthews has been looking over the first crop of Winooka's foals—up to date, five colts and two fillies. There are five mares yet to foal. The Peak Hill dams are by



Mr. A. J. Matthews.

Spearhead, Heroic, Pantheon, Rosewing and St. Anton, which represent great lineage.

He is very impressed with the youngsters, and their breeding should command for them high prices. We trust that will be so, as any breeder who sets up an establishment on the lines followed by Mr. Matthews merits reward. If Peak Hill produces another Winooka it will add to the glamour of the turf, and so enthuse that great section of the public concerned mostly with the deeds of one great one rather than the records of a thousand others.

\* \* \*

Writing from the Grand Hotel de Pekin, Mr. E. J. Coote introduced to this club Mr. George Morgan and Mr. Milton B. Reach, two young Americans of the type that

mix well with Australians, and show how much kinship there exists between the two great neighbours of the Pacific.

We expect to welcome many Americans during the 1938 celebrations, and it is probable that a squadron of U.S.A. battleships will anchor in Sydney harbour alongside units of the British Navy and Australia's own.

\* \* \*

They are good men and true who so take on the identity of their firms as almost to be walking advertisements; that is to say, when you greet them it is not as individuals alone, but rather as a combination of who they are with what they do.

Consider such well-known personalities as Messrs. A. L. Brown (Dewars), J. L. Ruthven (Johnnie Walker) and Warwick Armstrong (Black and White). You would no more think of Mr. Brown detached from Dewars as of either of the others without reaching for the particular bottle, so to speak.

\* \* \*

We have the story of how Mr. F. A. Comins came to back Northwind for the Caulfield Cup straight from the bettor's mouth. Swinging in a state of indecision between one runner and another, he determined finally to put all the names in a hat and draw. First out was Northwind. Mr. Comins was not at all cheered by the turn up, but he stuck to his original intention. Nobody was more amazed than he by the result.

\* \* \*

Out of many post-mortems we heard it said that, had the Caulfield Cup been run the other way round, another horse would have won—but that's only talking.

\* \* \*

For our part we promise to accompany Mr. Comins to the next big meeting if he will undertake to wear the Northwind hat. Our recent speculations at Randwick demand that a new method of picking 'em be adopted.

Mr. Bert Jolley made Spain a stage in his European journeyings, but it was before the blood-spilling commenced. And there was a lull even in bull fighting. For all that, his tour otherwise was packed with interest and incident.

You should hear him poetise about the Lakes of Killarney—where he kissed the Blarney Stone—the



Mr. Bert Jolley.

charm and colour of the incomparable English countryside, the magic of the heather abloom in Bernie, Scotland, the green sward of the Emerald Isle, the romance of Gretna Green, the thrill of the English Derby—the extra thrill of backing the winner—the glorious excitement of the Quashed-Omaha finish in a two-mile race, the joy of meeting Sydneysiders over there.

It is a strange thing that wherever in the world you may travel you are almost certain to meet someone from home. Mr. and Mrs. Jolley were surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Pages, of Sydney, on the train journey from Dublin to Killarney. They joined forces and started off in a car to see the country.

Kissing the Blarney Stone, in Blarney Castle isn't so easy at all. Mr. Jolley explains: "You get down on your back, and throw a sort of half circle, while someone hangs on to your legs."

While at the English Derby he met Sir Samuel Hordern, Sir Sydney Snow, Dr. Dick Francis, Leslie Barnett, Fred Smith, Stan Chatterton

and Alf Collins. They changed the scene back to Randwick, which reminded Mr. Jolley that England cannot boast a Randwick or a Flemington.

There was a terrific crush at Epsom Downs on Derby day, but he was fortunate, as a member of the Royal Automobile Club, in being able to park his car in a special area.

Mr. Jolley says that English thoroughbreds are wonderful, and undoubtedly better than our best. Mahmoud, the Derby winner, looked a four-year-old compared with Australian three-year-olds, and anything we had of his age was not in his class.

The American horse Omaha was a marvellous specimen of the thoroughbred, Mr. Jolley said, and, although beaten by Quashed on that occasion, he proved his worth in subsequent races.

Mr. Jolley formed the impression that Gordon Richards, the crack English jockey, was better over shorter distances, and that English jockeys rode with a longer rein and would have to alter their style to be successful with Australian mounts.

Mr. Jolley said that White City, the English home of dog racing, was a marvellous place, where the social side was not neglected. Very many women attended. You could sit in the supper room and watch the contests, which were held on turf tracks.

\* \* \*

Some of you must have seen in an American magazine in the Big Room a sketch of a member of the Foreign Legion sitting up in bed and exclaiming, just on awakening, "I'd swear I was talking to Myrna Loy."

As Mr. H. H. McIntosh was recounting the experiences in Hollywood of his wife and himself, during their recent tour abroad, he mentioned Myrna Loy, whom they had seen on the set with William Powell.

Mr. McIntosh said that motion picture fans in the club who regarded Myrna as being not hard to look at might consider themselves excellent judges.

Movie stars might be temperamental off the set, but they were very placid and patient while working, Mr. McIntosh said. Time and

again they were called upon to repeat simple scenes until the director was satisfied.

Imagine yourself advancing, taking hold of a girl and saying "So, this is the end," maybe a dozen times before suiting the man in control. It would be the end of him or the end of you.

The Australians took lunch at a cafeteria where the principals and extras dined. They came there straight from the set and provided a motley collection—some with green hair and all heavy with make-up.

Mr. McIntosh has a motion picture camera, and he brought back actual scenes from the making of a picture, in the open, while the thermometer registered 108 in the shade.

When he first visited Los Angeles in 1914 it was a small place. Now, it is bigger than Sydney in area and population.

Mr. McIntosh was naturally interested in the motor car industry, which was enjoying a boom, particularly the Hudson Company. Conditions generally were good, but many business people feared that the



Mr. E. J. Coote.

New Deal, unless modified, would crash the Republic.

He found Japan far more Westernised than when he was there in 1917. The old picturesque costumes had been replaced by European clothes. So had the mentality of the people changed. Australia was on their tongues at the time because of the trade dispute.

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# Romance of Richard Tattersall

Last July, while in London, I learnt that they are moving Tattersall's, the famous horse market in Knightsbridge, London, to make way for more of those modern super-flats.

The present buildings standing where Knightsbridge meets the Brompton Road is a far cry from the sanded yard hard by Hyde Park Corner, where thick-set little Richard Tattersall, known to his intimates as "Tatt," used to hold forth on the merits of a steed that was being trotted up and down before a crowd of jockeys, men about town, peers and horse lovers.

Tattersall held a ninety-nine year lease of the property, and when his lease elapsed, the House of Tattersall moved westward through the Toll Gate, which is now Piccadilly, and alongside the leafy lane where the traffic crowds along the road to Knightsbridge.

To-day, of course, Tattersall's is much more than a mere horse market. It is the place where the odds are determined and the starting prices are fixed for every racing event in the Kingdom. Its subscription rooms are regulated by the Jockey Club and throughout the whole world Tattersall's is for horse lovers what Lloyd's is for those men who go down to the sea in ships.

If you stroll into the present room which has succeeded the first private room of Richard Tattersall, you will see displayed a portrait of a horse and beneath it this is written:

*"Highflyer Must Not Be Sold."*

Thereby hangs a tale which an obliging steward unfolded for me. One day a tall, red-faced man, dressed in the height of fashion, walked up to Richard Tattersall as he was conducting a sale, whispered a word in his ear, and the two passed into an inner room.

"What can I do for you, m'lud?" asked the famous dealer in horses.

"I'm selling Highflyer, Tatt,"

gulped the nobleman, "and I want you to put him up at the next auction."

For a moment Old Tatt blinked. Then he said: "And the reserve?"

"Two thou. five hundred," replied Lord Bolingbroke.

Tattersall whistled. He knew Highflyer well—who did not? For Highflyer in those days—rather more than a century and a half ago—was a name to conjure with in Turf circles.

Then he fell into thought and, having proffered his noble client a glass of wine, he said: "I would like to buy Highflyer, m'lud, only the question is: Where could I find so much money?"

In those days the golden sovereign was worth around what £8 is worth to-day, and never had so high a price been asked for a horse. But Tattersall, former head-groom of the Duke of Kingston, had won for himself a first-rate reputation for straight-dealing.

"If you want the horse," said the peer, "then I'll wait—if you can let me have enough for what I need at the Club."

So Tatt became owner of the most famous horse of the day without paying cash.

Ever since he had left the service of the Duke of Kingston and settled as a horse dealer near the Park, things had gone reasonably well with Tattersall. And with this horse he made a fortune. Like most horse-lovers, he did not forget his four-footed friend. "Whatever happens," he used to say to his son, Edmund, "Highflyer is not to be sold."

He said this so often that his son replied one day: "Why not write that down, sir, in case we forget your orders?"

Ignoring the sarcasm, the old fellow slapped his thigh.

"I will," he snapped. "I will have that lettered and put under

his portrait." And he pointed with his stubby forefinger at the great canvas of his favourite that hung in his private room.

Some years later Tattersall, having been authorised by the Prince of Wales to sell his stud, found himself not only a rich man, but one likely to be richer. He decided that he would establish his family, and to this end he set about making a place for himself in the country.

He called in a good architect and had a baronial home designed. He bought land on the Isle of Ely and soon saw himself master of a fine home set in fine gardens..

"And what, sir," asked his son, Edmund, "are you going to call the place?"

"What name?" puffed the old man. "What name if not 'Highflyer Hall, boy'!"

And so there was perpetuated the name of this great horse for all time.

So long as there is a Tattersall this memorial will be cherished in recollection of the horse that laid the foundation for the famous institution's prosperity. (L.D.)

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# Don't Believe It!

Condensed from the book of the same title — August A. Thomen, M.D.

*That eating green apples will cause stomach-ache.* Unripe fruit in general is hard and unpalatable —hence it is likely to be insufficiently chewed. It is this that causes stomach-ache, and not the unripeness of the fruit. I was once called to see a lad of ten who was doubled up with cramps. The boy's relatives were positive he had eaten green apples. Measures taken to cause the child to vomit brought to light the fact that, while he did eat apples, they were perfectly ripe ones. The trouble was caused by his having eaten them too hurriedly, as was evidenced by the large chunky pieces he had swallowed. There is nothing in green apples alone to cause a stomach-ache. If the apple is eaten slowly and sufficiently chewed, the stomach is not able to distinguish between a ripe and an unripe one.

*That the heart is situated in the left side of the chest.* Nine out of ten usually well-informed persons confidently locate the heart by placing a hand on the left breast, about an inch or two above the lower border of the ribs. This misconception arises because the largest of the four chambers, the left ventricle, from which the blood is pumped to the body, is in the left side of the heart, its apex being directed to the left and downward; hence the beating of the heart is more readily felt on the left side. Yet if the body were sliced exactly in half directly through the centre of the breastbone, only a little more than one half the heart would be found on the left side.

*That a "compound fracture" is one in which a bone is broken in a number of places.* The terms "simple fracture" and "compound fracture" have nothing to do with the number of times a bone is broken. A "simple fracture" is one in which the skin is unbroken; the bone may be broken in several places. A "compound fracture" on the other hand is one in which the skin is broken, and the injury exposed to the air. The reason for

this distinction lies in the important possibility of a complicating infection. When the skin is unbroken, there is no infection from without. If, however, the skin is broken it may mean a complicating infection of the bone (osteomyelitis) which may continue to discharge pus long after the fractured parts have united.

*That beef tea is very nourishing.* Beef tea contains so little nourishment that six large cupfuls have less food value than one slice of bread. The reason is that the nourishing parts of beef are not soluble in water. Beef tea is, therefore, nothing more than coloured water, flavoured with what are termed beef extractives—that is, the meat substances which are soluble in water, but which have very little food value. A much-advertised beef tea, "especially designed for infant and invalid feeding," contains only one calorie per ounce! Beef tea serves its purpose chiefly as a stimulant to the appetite, and as an aid to digestion, because the gastric juices flow more abundantly when it is taken.

*That singeing the hair is beneficial, aiding it to grow more abundantly.* The average barber or beautician is convinced that singeing the hair is a very effective method of invigorating it; the supposed reason being that singeing closes the ends of the hairs, thus preventing the nutritive juices from exuding. This is the veriest nonsense; for, as Dr. J. E. Lane, Professor of Diseases of the Skin, of Yale, says: "Singeing the hair for the prevention of loss of its juices is of no value for this purpose, for the simple reason that nothing ever oozes from the ends of the hair. What singeing does do, and it does nothing else, is to make the ends of the hair affected by the heat more brittle, thereby adding to the hairdresser's income."

*That reading light should come from over the left shoulder.* It has been determined by experimentation that it matters not from where the light comes, provided there are

no shadows cast upon the page, and provided the rays from the light do not enter the eye. The light should be at least 26 degrees away from the direct line of sight, and should be so placed as to avoid direct reflections from the page. The best reading light is that termed "indirect," in which the source of light is hidden, and the rays thrown on to the ceiling. This is similar in effect to daylight.

The amount of light is very important. The Council of British Ophthalmologists has determined by experiment that the weakest light suitable for reading or other close work is three foot-candles. This means the amount of light that would fall upon a page one foot away from three standard candles closely grouped. This is equivalent to the amount of light obtained from an 80 watt unshaded electric light, placed six feet from the page. Somewhat more light would not be injurious, but less light invariably results in eye-strain. Yet many persons habitually read with insufficient light.

*That baldness is due to the too frequent wearing of hats, or too tight hatbands.* There are only two known remedies for most baldness: (1) Choosing the proper ancestors; (2) enduring it. Baldness in most instances is inherited, and is wholly uninfluenced by styles of headgear, or any habits of living. One might ask, "If baldness is inherited, why are not women equally affected?" Intensive research has answered this by revealing that baldness is what is called a pure hereditary trait, that it is "dominant" in men, and "recessive" in women. The mother can transmit baldness, but is not herself subject to it unless she has a double dose of it, coming from both her parents. As this is rare, baldness in women is also rare. Baldness is also associated with minor insufficiencies of the thyroid and pituitary glands. In these cases proper treatment almost invariably brings about complete restoration. Loss of hair caused by glandular disturbances, however, is rare.

# High-Priced Thoroughbreds the World Over

On Monday, October 19, Mr. Alan Cooper, of this State, paid £19,000 for the Magpie colt Talking, which is easily a record for a thoroughbred in Australasia. Mr. Cooper is anxious to secure a horse likely to develop into a sire later on, and in Talking there is every likelihood of him having secured a prospective sire of the highest class, for the sons of Magpie look like carrying on the line of Hampton in this country. Windbag, the best son of Magpie prior to Talking, has done remarkably well in siring two champion milers in Chatham and Winooka, as well as a Victoria Derby winner in Liberal, and a Caulfield Cup winner in Northwind. Chatham, Winooka, and Liberal are now at the stud, and the lastnamed has already sired a winner from his first crop in Ena, who scored in the fillies division of the Mona Nursery at Caulfield on October 17; but the Chathams and Winookas will not be seen until next season. However, the fact that Windbag has produced a son to sire a winner from his first crop of foals seems to indicate that the Hampton line is to be established in this part of the world through Magpie, the sire of Talking. There is, of course, no golden rule of how to select a sire, no matter how well bred he may be; but Mr. Cooper appears to have made an excellent choice in the son of Magpie.

In speaking to a pressman of the purchase, Mr. Cooper said: "I would have offered £25,000 for Peter Pan. I wanted a first-class stallion, and would have been prepared to pay more than £10,000 for one in England. Still, I think the value was in Talking. I am adopting the English style, and will not race Talking after he has turned four years, as I have purchased him mainly for stud purposes. Next May I am going to England to purchase mares to mate with him."

## *Previous Record Prices in Australia.*

The highest price paid in Australia prior to the sale of Talking was 16,000 guineas for the Valais horse, Heroic, who repaid that sum many times over, as Mr. C. B. Kellogg, his purchaser, won the Newmarket Handicap with him, and had him coupled with Pilliewinkie for the Australian Cup, a double which



TALKING.

*Australasia's Record-price Thoroughbred, Talking, by Magpie (imp.)—Society, winner of the A.J.C. and Victoria Derby of 1936, and purchased by Mr. Alan Cooper for £19,000.*

was duly landed for a large stake. Afterwards, Heroic became, and still is, the leading Australian sire, having headed the winning stallions' list for the past four seasons.

Valais, sire of Heroic, was purchased by Messrs. H. S. and A. W. Thompson for 14,400 guineas, when he was 11 years old, while Heroic was only four at the time of his sale.

Next to Valais comes the mighty Carbine, who was purchased in Victoria, on behalf of the Duke of Portland, for 13,000 guineas, and was shipped to England by the

steamer Orizaba on Saturday, April 13, 1895. In those days 13,000 guineas was pretty well equal to 19,000 to-day.

The Night Patrol and Carnage both realised 10,000 guineas, and Rossendale 9500 guineas. This latter sale was probably the most remarkable in the history of Australian bloodstock, for at the time of the dispersal of the Kingsfield Stud, where Rossendale was lord of the harem, he had turned 17 years of age, having been foaled in 1912, and the sale was held in 1929. The reason for a horse of his advanced age bringing so much money was because two breeders were keen on having him. These were Mr. Percy Miller, of Kia-Ora Stud, Sccone, and the later Mr. J. Foster, of Cullengorral, Gulgong. In bids of 250 guineas, the price rose from the opening bid of 2000 until it had reached 9000, which was Mr. Foster's bid. Mr. Miller raised it another 250, when Mr. Foster appeared to have reached his limit. I was sitting next to Mr. Foster and his son, when the latter gave his father a nudge with his elbow, and said: "Go another 250, dad." And at that price Rossendale was knocked down to the Cullengorral Studmaster.

Other big prices paid in Australia were: 7500 for Trafalgar, 7300 for Comedy King, 7250 for Pantheon, and 6750 for Dominant as a yearling.

## *The World's Record High Price.*

The highest known price ever paid for a thoroughbred in the world was £60,000 for the English Derby winner, Call Boy. Less than a month after Call Boy had won the Derby of 1927, his owner, Mr. Frank Curzon, died, and rather than see the horse leave the country, the deceased sportsman's brother, Sir. H. Mallaby-Deeley, paid £60,000

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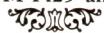
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for Call Boy. On July 17 of that year the following statement was published: "The executors of the late Mr. Frank Curzon announce that they have sold Call Boy to Sir H. Mallaby-Deeley for the sum of £60,000. Sir Harry has purchased Call Boy for the definite purpose of preventing the horse leaving this country, of which there was considerable danger."

Although £60,000 may be the record price for a thoroughbred, it is a long way short of the highest ever offered for one. Six weeks after Felstead, a great-grandson of Carbine, had won the English Derby of 1928, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, the owner and breeder of the colt, received from the United States an offer of £100,000 for the colt, when this became known, he was asked if he intended to part with the horse. "Of course I will not sell," he replied.

Another horse for which £100,000 was at one time refused was Solario, for whom the Aga Khan vainly offered that sum after the colt had won the St. Leger of 1925. But in 1932, after the death of his owner, Sir John Rutherford, the horse was offered for sale by auction, and was sold for 47,000 guineas, which is described as an



CALL BOY (C. Elliott up)

By Hurry On—Comedienne, winner of the English Derby of 1927, and the world's record price thoroughbred—£60,000.



Solario, by Gainsborough (2) from Sun Worship (26), by Sundridge (2), generally conceded to be the handsomest horse of the English turf seen for years. He was bred at Fort Union Stud, Ireland.

"auction record." The horse was 10 years old at the time, and had not been a great success at the stud; but he was regarded as the most symmetrical horse of the day, and American breeders were anxious to purchase him. That caused a syndicate of English breeders to outbid them, as they did not wish such a magnificent specimen of the thoroughbred to leave their shores. As Call Boy did not come under the auctioneer's hammer, the price for Solario stands as an "auction record;" but yet another to realise more privately was Tracery, who was purchased by the Argentine breeder, Señor Unzue, for £53,000.

Then there was Windsor Lad, winner of the English Derby and St. Leger, of 1934, owned by the Indian sportsman, the Maharajah of Rajpipla. After the colt had won the Derby, a Mr. Martin Benson, who had a stud at Cheveley, near Newmarket, expressed a desire to "Hotspur," a racing journalist, to become the owner of a high-class horse who would be sure of a place in the front rank of stallions. Mr. Benson asked "Hotspur" for his assistance,

and after Windsor Lad had won the Derby, he appeared to be the very horse to fill the bill. The sale was effected for £50,000, but not until the Indian sportsman had refused to part with the horse over and over again. Some time after the first offer had been refused, "Hotspur" met the Maharajah at Sandown Park, and asked him to let him have the first chance of making an offer for the horse, should he finally decide to sell. It was pointed out that if the horse encountered bad luck in the St. Leger, as he did in the Eclipse Stakes, when he ran third, his commercial value would drop very considerably. "We talked for an hour and adjourned for three hours," said "Hotspur." "We met again. Midnight passed, and some time later he gave his word that if he did not decide to keep the horse he would sell it to me." From the above, it will be gathered that the Indian sportsman was not very anxious to part with Windsor Lad, but as he had no stud to place the horse in, he was wise to accept the offer of £50,000, with the stipulation that Windsor Lad would not leave England.

# Flemington Racecourse



## RACING IN VICTORIA

### The Origin of the V.R.C.

The history of the Victorian Racing Club has much in common with that of the premier body of New South Wales. It was not the first club of the Southern State, and its course at Flemington was not only under other jurisdiction in the very early days but actually it was not the scene of the first race meeting of the Southern State.

The first race meeting, so far as can be gleaned from the records, was held on March 6, 1838, on an improvised course somewhere in the locality of the present Spencer St. railway station, and the first ruling body was graced with the name of the Port Phillip Turf Club. To this latter is given the credit of making August 1 the day from which horses in Australia take their ages.

At this first race meeting there were four races, two were won by Mountain Maid and two by Postboy, the largest field was four and there was an attendance of 500.

The first course did not please the pioneers, who set about looking for a more favourable site, and the flats by the Salt Water River—now the Maribyrnong—were hit upon. Accordingly, in 1840 a three days' meeting was arranged, and Flemington came into being. At least it was

soon named Flemington, for a small hamlet sprang up, a leading identity of which was the genial butcher, Bob Fleming, a personality indeed for Fleming's town it became, or Flemington.

As the A.J.C. had its early troubles in regard to the land, so the Victorians had to struggle to get their occupation of Flemington put on a sound footing. It was not until 1847 that all formalities were disposed of, trustees appointed, and a Crown lease granted of 10 years, later increased to 21, and then further to 99, at the rent of one peppercorn per annum.

In these early days at Flemington, the winning post was on the far side of the course on the river bank, practically on the site of the present mile start, and the officials did not realise their error and the potentialities of the hill as a natural grandstand until 20 years later.

The Victorian Racing Club as such was not begun until 1864. Prior to that year there had been various clubs, but the two main bodies were the Victorian Jockey Club and Victoria Turf Club, who had varied success during the years from 1850 to 1864. It appears that while both bodies raced at Flemington there

was nothing but discord and jealousy, with the result that neither proved a financial success. Those with the well-being of racing at heart called a conference, the result of which was that the Victoria Racing Club was formed. That body offered to take over the liabilities of the older clubs provided the clubs were dissolved. Immediately after its inception Mr. Henry Creswick was appointed the first chairman, and Mr. R. C. Bagot secretary at £150 per annum. Mr. Bagot died in 1881, to be succeeded by Mr. Byron Moore, who in turn was followed by Mr. A. V. Kewney, so that the club has had but three secretaries during the 72 years of its existence.

From the start the Victoria Racing Club made excellent progress. Under its jurisdiction Flemington was remodelled and changed until it became one of the best racecourses in the world, with its wealth of training tracks and accommodation for the enormous crowds of Melbourne Cup day.

Actually the V.R.C. did not run the first Melbourne Cup, which was staged from its inception in 1861 by the Victoria Jockey Club, and won in the first two years by Mr. E.

E. de Mestre's Archer. When the V.R.C. took over it proceeded to build up the Cup until it is one of the famous horse races of the world. From £200 at first, the prize increased to £500 in 1876, the £1,000 mark was reached in 1883, it went up steadily to £5,000 in 1889, and in 1890 the first 10,000 pounder was contested.

It was fitting that the result should be worthy of the occasion, for there was a record field of 39, the record weight of 10.5 was carried to victory, and a then record time set in 3.28 $\frac{1}{4}$ , but since eclipsed. The horse who rose to those heights is still the idol of the dwindling band of old-timers who remember him and undoubtedly a very great horse, Carbine.

For several years the £10,000 Cups were kept going, but lean times intervened, followed by the Great War, but the club kept the prize well worth while, and seldom fell below £5,000. Of recent years it has gone to the £10,000 standard again.

In order to cope with the ever-growing crowds at Flemington, the V.R.C. has had many problems, and

has been compelled to alter the layout of its enclosures on several occasions. The introduction of the totalisator meant still further reconstruction and reorganisation, but somehow 100,000 people or more manage to wedge their way into the course to see the Cup.

From these changes there came one sorrowful note, particularly from the older generation who approved not of the expansion of bricks and concrete into which they read the commercialisation of racing. Before the reconstruction, the betting ring and members' enclosure were sheltered by the tiny forest of elms. In fact "under the elms" was a phrase sacred to Flemington. But the club had to move with the times, and its requirements, and the hub of activities in 1923 was shifted to its present position, and the elms left to be just a memory or a haven of quiet for those who care to travel so far away from the turmoil of race day.

The circumference of Flemington race track is one mile three furlongs and 111 yards, with practically a three furlong straight. The Newmarket straight of six furlongs is probably unique in Australia, for

although there are one or two other straight sixes they do not compare with that at Flemington. The river flats provide a splendid foundation, and are always so well grassed that they are a delight to trainers, while the big sand track has been made perfect by considerable labour and a tan track is a very useful adjunct.

Steeplechasing survives in Victoria due to hunting enthusiasts and encouragement by the V.R.C. The tendency has been to tone down the fences which, in the early days, were real raspers. Of later days "Jumbo" and other terrors have disappeared, to be replaced by well-packed brush obstacles which still require jumping but are not the terrors of the early days.

The V.R.C. is fortunate in being supported so admirably by the V.A.T.C. with its fine course at Caulfield. This club was formed originally in 1876 by some enthusiastic amateur riders and owners with the idea of providing more opportunities for the amateurs. However, like many such ventures, the original scheme soon became lost but out of it arose a powerful and wealthy club with its £6,500 Caulfield Cup.



*Carbine winning the Melbourne Cup, 1890, from Highborn, Correze and 36 other opponents—the largest field in the history of the Cup, the highest weight (10st. 5lb.) ever carried by a winner, and the then record time of 3 min. 28 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.*

# The Ruthless Slayer

"So'r'l rite, lady, it's a pleasant death," he said. "The pore things doan feel it. I jist screws their heads, so. Yer must'n't get carried away by a little blood or a flutter or two. Death is instantaneous, as they say when they 'angs a cove."

The Ruthless Slayer of Fowls had spoken; but the lady with the pound of sausages in the bag was adamant.

"I doan believe yer," she remonstrated. "I sees fer meself the pore things jumpin' and flutterin'. Why doan yer chop that 'eads hoff 'stead o' screwin' thar necks? Croolty ter dumb animals I calls it, I do. . . . I'll tell th' pleece."

"Orl rite, missus," expostulated the Executioner, shedding his reverence for sex. "Ave it yer own way; but I tells yer they doan feel it. Course, I might just 'appen ter pull hoff a 'ear or two occasionally, by way of accident; but they doan feel it; dammit, I tell yer they doan."

"I'll tell th' pleece, I will," repeated the woman with the sausages, departing.

"Strewhth, mate, wot d'yer think of that?" the Slayer asked, appealing to me.

Many a morning from my window had I beheld his frightfulness. But I had not known till then that he belonged to our boarding house; that his victims provided the roast duck and the boiled fowl served on Sundays.

My window overlooked the poultry abattoir; a grass plot intervening. Had I known that he slew for us, I certainly would have complained to the landlady of his modus operandi. Now that I knew I said to the Ruthless Slayer:

"I shall certainly tell the missus. You are a very cruel man. You take a diabolical delight—

"Er, wot?" he queried.

"A diabolical delight," I repeated, "a diabolical delight in torturing fowls. I see you every morning chasing the poor creatures about the yard, rounding them into a narrow pen. Those you cannot round up you chase to a state of exhaustion. Then you fall upon the poor, panting things and wring their necks—spinning them round and round like a Catherine wheel. In two minutes the yard is covered with wriggling creatures."

"Yes," he interposed, "but 'ow do yer see me?"

"From yonder window," I answered.

What time I wait on the girl with the voice to sing her complete repertoire of ragtime and play boaties in the bath, I hang out of the window. Then it is that I behold the Ruthless Slayer of Fowls revelling in his task.

"Strewhth," he said to me, "doan yer want any poultry for Sunday dinner?"

"I do," I said, "but I want to see the birds killed mercifully, not diabolically slain."

"Strewhth," he said again.

One morning, following the argument, I paid him a visit. He was in the middle of operations. Behind the wire was a collection of ducks, hens and roosters. All were mad with terror; mad with an instinct of impending doom. He was among them, ringing necks at the rate of two a second.

## A Suburban Interlude

"Surely we don't eat so many on Sunday," I ventured.

"Oh, no," he answered casually. "Y'see, I kills fer others, too."

Pausing in the act of passing a plump Orpington to the Roost of Eternity, he said:

"See that little *yaller* feller over thar?" indicating a haughty cockerel. "Well, I can't catch 'im. An' e' wont be kidded into th' cage, neither, 'e wont. Th' ens is simple. I jist shoos 'em in. Th' ducks knows a bit more, but the roosters is cows, specially that little *yaller* feller."

"I wish you could catch him," I answered eagerly. "He wakes me o' mornings with his raucous crow. I want to sleep o' mornings. You see, I'm a newspaper man, and, necessarily, a nightbird. Will no one free me of this turbulent rooster?"

I saw the Slayer kill a fowl!

"See," he said. "yer jist grabs 'em, so; an' then, so; an' thar dead, see. They doan feel it, I tell yer."

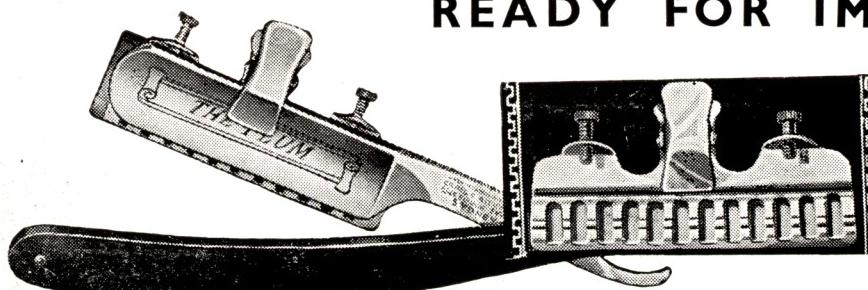
She was a dainty Leghorn pullet; a thing to win the heart of any cockerel; just the creature to be the pride of the farmyard with her snowy whiteness, her blood-red comb and quick eyes of brown. Yet she was slaughtered to make a meal for some sordid denizens of a suburban boarding house.

The little lady made a fine fight for life. Great were her despairing yells, until her slender frame stiffened and the beautiful neck—feathers were ruffled and blood bespattered.

In the distance stood the *yaller* rooster, defiant!

—*The Club Man's Valet.*

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# Club Personalities

## *Maurice Doyle (Goondiwindi).*

When it comes to the matter of establishing a claim for membership among the oldest pioneer pastoral families of the Commonwealth, Maurice Doyle, of Goondiwindi, Queensland, stands forth as one to whom the task would present no difficulties. In a way, Maurice is himself a pioneer, for it was by his efforts that "Werrina" Station property in the Boomi (N.S.W.) district blossomed from a wilderness of undeveloped forest land into one of the noted pastoral properties of the famous North West. The Hunter River valley claims him as one of its sons, and the old Dartmouth homestead which still graces the roadside half-way between Muswellbrook and Aberdeen on the main Northern Road is the spot where Maurice first played his boyhood games, and learned from his father, the late Cyrus Doyle, the essentials of station management and those attributes which stamp one a gentleman.

\* \* \*

## *R. F. Evans (Rylstone).*

Mention of the name Goondiwindi calls to mind that of R. F. Evans, of "Dabee," Rylstone, N.S.W., who for many years was the owner and manager of that fine grazing property situate on the Mc-Intyre River, a few miles upstream from Goondiwindi, on the N.S.W. side, and which is known far and wide by the name of "Merriwa." Until its sale to Wm. Mace several years ago, "Merriwa" had been in the Evans family for years, and the

splendid improvements which mark the development within its wide boundaries are a tribute and a monument to the enterprise of one man—R. F. Evans. No finer homestead stands in the North West, and although the credit for its architectural design goes to enhance the reputation of one whose business it is to design such things, intimate friends of the Evans family know that much of the credit for many of the unique and useful features embodied therein are due to R. F. Evans and his charming better half. Incidentally, "Merriwa" is now owned by Mr. J. H. Doyle, a relative of Maurice of that ilk mentioned elsewhere on this page.

\* \* \*

## *Donald Grant (Walgett).*

Wherever and whenever graziers meet and the subject of their conversation turns to high class sheep, one may be sure it is not long before the name "Bairnkine" enters into the discussion, and with it, of course, that of Donald Grant, the owner thereof and the breeder of one of the finest merino flocks in Northern New South Wales. The property is situate in the Walgett (N.S.W.) district, and is far famed for its high class stud and flock sheep. The squire of "Bairnkine," besides being a capable and enthusiastic sheep breeder, makes a hobby of the game which enjoys the reputation of being "the sport of kings," and if ever a tip should come your way from this somewhat reticent man, well, its sure worth considering as a good investment.

# Golf Club Next Outing

Thursday, November 19th

THE LAKES GOLF CLUB FOUR BALL BEST BALL v, PAR.

## *October Outing.*

This outing was held at N.S.W. Club, La Perouse, at which a good field competed for the Victor Audette Memorial Shield.

However, Mr. S. A. Brown and Mr. I. Green tied and will play-off at a date to be fixed.

"A" Grade Trophy being won by Mr. W. Ditfort, who has been playing very consistent golf, and on this occasion his patience was rewarded.

"B" Grade Trophy will be decided between Mr. Brown and Mr. Green as they are both "B" Grade players, and upon the result of the play-off for the Shield will be decided who is the winner, as the loser of the shield receives the "B" Grade Trophy.

The best cards returned were:—

S. A. Brown	....	93—24,	69
I. Green	....	93—24,	69
W. Ditfort	....	88—16,	72
F. Gawler	....	87—14,	73
H. Boydle	....	84—11,	73
D. F. Stewart	....	96—23,	73
E. A. Ireland	....	91—18,	73

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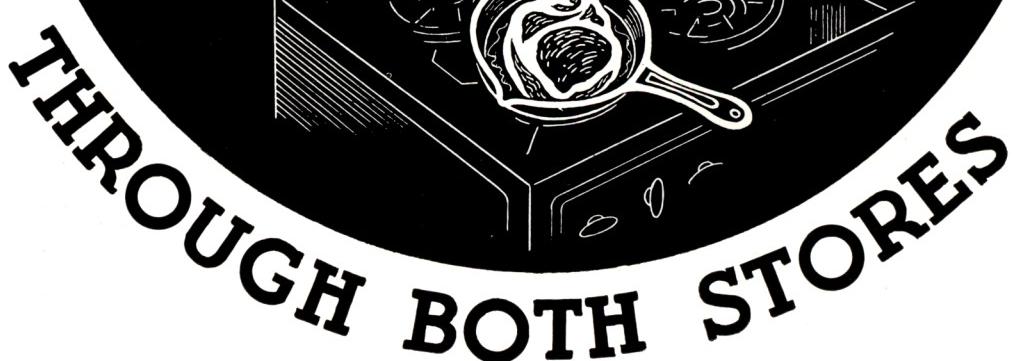
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## Golf Notes

### Sarazen Lecture

During the past month members were entertained by world famous golfer, Gene Sarazen, with a lecture in the Main Hall.

A well-filled auditorium greeted the American professional, who has made quite a name for himself as lecturer and demonstrator, having served his apprenticeship in this direction at Harvard and other U.S. colleges.

Mr. Sarazen is not devoid of humour, and, clearly, is not averse to a joke against himself, but, when talking golf, his words carry weight and are obviously sincere.

Members were shown, by practical demonstration, how easy it is to hit a golf ball far and straight, and proceedings were further delightfully embellished with an interesting series of golf movies, with Gene providing the sound department by word of mouth.

The lecturer did a good job with a quick review of practically the entire golf primer, from grip to end of propulsion, and the little spherical globule was despatched with unerring aim into a specially prepared net rigged on an impromptu stage.

Every manner of club was used from putter to driver, and one strong point made by the speaker was that practice before starting a serious game, should be done with the shorter shafted clubs.

"It is a serious mistake," said Sarazen, "to start your practice with the driver. Start with short swing weapons, and gradually work up to the longer variety."

The speaker interspersed his lecture with many delightful quips anent idiosyncrasies of players the world over, but was lavish in his praise of those champions who blazed the trail for the present generation.

Say it, or take it with a smile, is Gene's motto in general, and he expressed pleasure in explaining all he knew to budding golfers, feeling sure that anything he can do to further the game will eventually come back to him in the form of added enjoyment inseparable from a higher standard. He went further, and declared his feelings along lines that he owes golf more than he can give back.

Altogether the night went too fast, and when the final stanza was reached, listeners were just as enthusiastic as in those moments of anticipation just prior to the champion's arrival earlier in the evening.

After a brief speech of thanks by Chairman, W. W. Hill, all assembled showed approval by warm acclamation, and thus ended one of the most delightful interludes in the club's 1936 social programme.

**WEDNESDAY**  
**NOVEMBER 11th, 1936**  
 at 8 p.m.  
 •  
*Illustrated Lecture*  
 by  
**Mr. Jack Hides**

**"Savages in Serge"**  
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The Lecture will be preceded  
 by a Musical Programme

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
**DANCE**  
**Thursday, 31st. Dec.**

Applications for reservations are now being received and members are advised to book early.

# Billiards and Snooker

Annual Tournaments for 1936 Concluded—"Rose Bay" Figures as Double Finalist

The 1936 annual billiard tournament was concluded toward the latter end of October, when the finalists, C. E. Hall (rec. 120) and "Rose Bay" (owes 165) crossed cues for the last stanza.

The near-limit man had an easy task as the game was played, and took every advantage of easy leaves, which were frequent. On the other hand, the back-marker seemed unable to get going with his usual form, and ended with a best effort of 33, which is a long way below what one expects from so proficient a cueist.

At no stage of the game was any impression made on the winner, who played consistently throughout and with abundant confidence. Safety play was indulged in to a great extent, and nothing was given away en route. Actually the winner scored 130 points, whilst his opponent gathered in 189 to make the score board read 250-24 at the end.

It was unfortunate for those assembled that the players were unable to produce their usual form. However, it is always harder to play a final than any other game, and the competitors, on this occasion, were determined that nothing should be given away. Congratulations to the victor.

## *Snooker.*

The final of the snooker tournament found "Rose Bay" (rec. 30) again one of the contestants. His opponent this time was I. E. Stanford (rec. 110).

"Rose Bay" made no mistakes on this occasion, and ran out a good winner with the scores 209-155 in his favour.

Throughout, the two games played were interesting and produced some good play on the part of both. Several balls were potted in a manner which would have "brought down the house" in any

company, but the back-marker always had the edge on his opponent.

In the first game the back man showed superior safety tactics, and frequently led his vis-a-vis into error.

Fast scoring was done by "Rose Bay," who notched 28 points before Stanford moved. Then, to even matters somewhat, the nast-named



Walter Lindrum gives a hint to amateurs. Reproduced is a photograph of a common error among cueists. The position is unnatural. The eyes are out of alignment with the cue, the stance is awkward, and the cue grip is faulty to a degree. Note the forced position of the fingers in an attempt to give a light cue. If reader has any doubts, let him endeavour to hold his fingers in the position indicated (with a cue) for a period of, say, one minute, and he will find a cramping. The same cramping will occur with a cue in hand, and that will spell the end of any break. Lindrum advocates a firm, but natural grip with the fingers curled round the cue-butt.

## *Everybody's Choice*

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SERIES NO. 5.



*A glimpse of Port Hacking.*

## THE WORKS OF BASS AND FLINDERS

**I**N the list of those men who explored the Australian coast there are two whose names are pre-eminent — George Bass and Matthew Flinders. Working both in combination and alone, and usually under extreme difficulty, they succeeded in exploring the greater part of the coastline of the whole continent and of Tasmania. Their works of exploration were of inestimable value to Australia, yet withal were they the most modest of men, entering into their dangerous task for the simple love of discovery and without thought of ultimate gain.

THEIR first work together was that of exploring the Georges River, in 1795, when they travelled up that river for twenty miles further than any earlier expeditions. Next, in 1796, they set out in a frail craft, an open boat of but some eight feet in length, to search for a harbour reputed to lay a little to the south of Botany Bay. In the grip of the ocean currents, however, they were carried down the coast to a point near Wollongong, so discovering the extremely rich Illawarra district. It was during this voyage that the celebrated incident occurred of clipping the natives' beards while their powder dried. It was on the return voyage, after narrowly escaping disaster in a sudden storm when the providential discovery of the tiny harbour at Wattamolla afforded them timely sanctuary that they discovered and named the harbour for which they had gone in search. This was Port Hacking, a portion of which is to be the subject of our illustration.

THAT voyage to the south coast, with its somewhat accidental discovery of the Illawarra district, was the first important one made by these navigators, and acted as prelude to greater works to follow. The next voyage was made by Bass in a whaleboat, when the coast was thoroughly examined as far south as Western Port. During this expedition some 600 miles of coast was explored — Twofold Bay discovered and the existence of Bass Strait ascertained. This voyage was commenced in December, 1797, and concluded in February 1798.

THE following year, in the sloop Norfolk, Bass and Flinders again journeyed to the south through Bass Strait, and completely circumnavigated Tasmania. That was the last work of exploration in which George Bass participated, leaving Australia shortly afterwards and it is believed, meeting his death in South America. Flinders then continued his explorations without the able assistance of Bass. During 1801 and 1802 he explored the coast from Cape Leeuwin, in Western Australia, to Sydney, where his ship, the Investigator, was refitted, and continued the work of exploration along the north coast in 1803. In this voyage the continent was circumnavigated for the first time. It was Flinders' last work. Shortly after his return to Sydney he set out for England, was wrecked, returned in an open boat, secured another ship, and proceeded as far as Mauritius. There he was held captive for almost seven years reaching England eventually in a state of dangerously broken health. He worked feverishly to complete the account of his voyages and succeeded by the narrowest margin. The volumes were published in July, 1814, and on the same day as they were published Flinders died.

INCIDENTALLY it was as the result of a suggestion by Flinders that the name of Australia was given to this country.

rattled together 17 points while "Rose Bay" stood still. But the latter was not to be denied, and broke away again with another 27 points before Stanford took the yellow ball after all reds had been driven into pockets. Hereabouts "Rose Bay" showed some delightful cueing and reaped the benefit by forcing snookers, which allow him to finish the game with the points 119-134 in favour of Stanford. A big pull-up.

### Second Game.

Bad luck greeted Stanford right from the start of the second game, and "four away" was called when the cue-ball found its way into a pocket quite unexpectedly. Then "Rose Bay" took the lead with a red and pink, following a red and blue, to make the scores 136-134 in his favour.

Both players managed to increase their tallies, but with four reds left on the table the back-marker had cemented his position by making the scores 169-146, and when the last red had been pocketed the marker's call was 182-155. "Rose Bay" collected the balance to make the final result 209-155.

### Annual Tournaments Ended

In such manner were two annual tournaments ended. It is not novel to find "Rose Bay" among the collectors, as he has enjoyed similar situations on more than one occasion before.

The winner of the billiard section proved himself to be cool and calculating under stress, whilst the loser in the multi-ball game showed how a game could be lost without loss of poise. It is some consolation that all four players will receive suitable reward for their efforts, while that big band of losers—well, they have the 1937 series to which they can look forward!

### Important to Australia.

Just at this time, amateur eyes will be focussed on Johannesburg (South Africa) where the Empire title will be played on November 15 and following days.

On the last occasion that the venue was South Africa, Leslie Hayes surprised by annexing the title from a classy field. That was the first occasion that an Australian had brought the honours to

(Continued on Page 20.)



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# Pool Splashes

## Big Fields for Opening of 1936-37 Season

The swimmers are on the go again, having started the 1936-37 season on October 22nd with a 40 yards handicap.

Judging from the number of starters, this is going to be the best season ever, for never before has there been such enthusiasm in the Pool.

Four heats were necessary in the first two races, and that's a great start compared with the early days of the club, when it was a big job to gather together enough starters for two heats.

New members who have commenced racing include Messrs. I. Stanford, N. Levy, and J. S. English, and it was pleasing to see Cuth Godhard back for the second race after a long spell of absence following injuries to his back.

Very soon we hope to see Hans Robertson in action again, for everything has been fixed so that the popular swimmer can again compete.

Pool enthusiasts are looking forward to seeing some great sets to between Hans and Bruce Hodgson, one of the State's top-notchers, who has just returned from a trip abroad.

One innovation in the Swimming Club this season is that finals will no longer be swum on Thursdays, but will be contested on the following Tuesday.

Hitherto finals of 40 yards races have been swum on the same day as the heats, but it is felt that members will appreciate the new idea. It is a bit of a strain for most of them to race twice in the space of ten minutes or so.

Members should note that there will be no postponements of the Tuesday finals.

For the benefit of intending members it is stated that races in future will be mainly over 40 and 60 yards, with a limited number of 80 and 100 yards. A point score competition for a trophy is held over each four events, and the member who scores most points throughout the season will be the 1936-37 winner of the new "Dewar" Cup, and will

be awarded a miniature of the trophy by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Ltd.

Time trials for handicapping purposes may be swum at any time by notifying a club official or one of the Pool attendants.

### Results.

October 22nd.—40 yards Handicap: 1st heat: L. Hermann (23) 1, B. Hodgson (21) 2, A. Pick (28) 3. Time, 20 3/5 sec. 2nd Heat: N. Murphy (27) 1, I. Stanford (31) 2, J. Miller (29) 3. Time, 24 1/5 sec. 3rd Heat: D. Lake (26) 1, J. S. English (26) 2, N. Levy (33) 3. Time, 24 sec. 4th Heat: D. Tarrant (25) 1, G. Goldie (36) 2, J. Dexter (24) 3. Time, 23 3/5 sec.

October 29th.—40 yards Handicap: 1st Heat: K. Hunter (22) 1, A. Pick (28) 2, N. Murphy (25) 3. Time, 21 2/5 sec. 2nd Heat: G. Goldie (35) and W. S. Edwards (22), tie, 1. Times, 34 3/5 and 21 3/5 sec. 3rd Heat: J. S. English (26) 1, C. Godhard (25) 2, N. Levy (35) 3. Time, 25 3/5 sec. 4th Heat: J. Miller (29) 1, I. Stanford (31) 2, D. Tarrant (24) 3. Time, 27 1/5 sec.

Results of the finals of both these events will be published next month.

### LEGS!

*Impressed Bruce Hodgson Most at Olympic Games.*

Legs—not the alluring limbs of a beauty chorus, but the thrashing legs of Japanese and American swimmers—were the things that created the greatest impression on fellow member Bruce Hodgson during his recent visit to the Berlin Olympic Games.

Bruce is one of the keenest students of the swimming game in Australia, and his notes on what he saw in Berlin will be of great interest and help to all who race and watch the racing in our baths.

Yes, those legs certainly impressed him, and therein he detects the main reason for the superiority of overseas swimmers over Australia's best.

Not one person he saw at the Games swam alike, and Australian styles are fundamentally as sound as

all others as far as balance and arms go, but in Bruce's opinion our swimmers only get half power out of their legs.

Wonderful concentration on the legs gives the Japanese and Americans the ability to continue a tremendous leg thrash from 220 yards onwards, and that is why Australian times from the furlong are far below the world's best.

Bill Kendall is one Australian who has the leg idea right, and that was why he was able to put up the best time ever by an Australian of 59 4/5 for 100 metres, even though he was disadvantaged by a cold for some time before his races.

At home Kendall's stroke always appealed as being most unorthodox, but at Berlin he did not appear to be so amongst the many unorthodox strokes. Bruce was filled with admiration for Bill's effort in qualifying for the semi-finals in 61 sec. and then saddling up the same afternoon to swim 59 4/5 sec.

The old fetish of a stroke peculiar to the Japanese was exploded at Berlin, for Hodgson says they were all different, but, as with the champions of other countries, they all had beautiful balance with a glorious bent arm pull down the side of the body, never across or wide.

### Do You Know?

•THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.

•THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.

There was no straining to keep the head high out of the water, and again the wonderful flexibility of knees and ankles impressed our observant member.

Japanese methods of training intrigued Bruce with their "physical jerks" and all out training swims, but one thing that impressed him greatly was the even swimming in the longer races.

After the first two laps the swimmers settled down to a pace which never varied more than half a second a lap until the last two, when they quickened up and came home strongly.

It appeared to him that the Japanese knew exactly what times they were doing and swam to a set plan, disregarding absolutely their opponents. But he saw this upset once, in the final of the 100 metres, when the three Japanese raced the American Fick so hard that the Hungarian Czik was able to sail up and beat them all.

Relaxation in everything appeared to be the watchword of all the swimmers. Fick especially was notable in this, for on the board he stood awaiting the pistol with arms hanging loosely in front of him, and only at the shot did he galvanise into action and shot away like lightning.

The Japanese indulged in three or four loosening up movements of going on to their haunches before stepping on to the board, and then they all shook out their relaxed arm muscles as we have seen Bill Kendall do before his races.

The old underwater turn has been discarded in favour of a side turn in which the swimmers are able to get their breath as they go round.

As far as style went, the nearest to our conception of perfect action was that of Flanagan (U.S.A.), but he did not appear quite trained to his top, and the terrific power of Medica's stroke and the tremendous surge at the end of it appealed to Bruce.

Amongst the women the Dutch girls, Maestenbrook and den Ouden, were amazing on account of their strength. Their styles were not perfect, though fundamentally sound.

Maestenbrook was like a man, and at the end of her races lifted out for the finishing burst just like a man.

The Games, to Bruce, appeared to have gone beyond a sporting affair into a grim national fight for supremacy, in which Australia has no hope unless our athletes are afforded the same chances as overseas competitors of being relieved from the worry of business cares in favour of training for months ahead of the contests.

As it is at present, our swimmers who go to business can only spare an hour or so for training, and then it is almost impossible for them to get in any solid work owing to the crowded baths.

A central indoor bath is a necessity if we are to do any good, and Bruce stresses the improvement in Melbourne form since a number of central pools have been erected.

As a spectacular show the Berlin Olympiad could not be beaten, though the running of the carnivals left much to be desired, the competitors seeming to be least considered.

In Australia carnivals are run better, despite the fact that at Berlin everything was made to order for the judges and timekeepers. Special enclosures where the public could not interfere or encroach made things ideal for the officials.

One thing that was new was a movie camera that was run on wheels along the course in line with the swimmers, recording the whole of each race.

As far as the German public was concerned, Bruce saw no discrimination in its applause at the expense of any nation, but it was a treat to hear them yell when a German even got into fifth place—and when one won, well it was no use trying to make oneself heard by one's nearest neighbour for minutes.

Bruce enjoyed his trip thoroughly, and now that he is a regular participant in the Swimming Club races, his experiences and help will be available to all our members who like to benefit.

## Handball

Club champion Bill Tebbutt will be called upon to defend his title in the next week or so against "Pete" Hunter, who is in rare form as his defeat of Pat Herson in the semi-final showed.

Late Club Championship results:  
Second Round.—A. S. Block forfeited to P. Herson.

Semi-finals: W. Tebbutt beat S. B. Williams, 31-28, 27-31, 31-24; K. Hunter beat P. Herson, 31-21, 31-19.

In the "B" Grade championship E. T. Penfold has qualified for the final, in which he will play the winner of the J. Pooley v. J. Buckle match.

Results since the last issue of the magazine were:—

Second Round: C. Godhard forfeited to J. Pooley; J. Buckle beat T. J. Playfair; C. Douglas and E. Conroy withdrew.

The "C" grade championship has reached the semi-final stage, in which A. Pick is to play E. Fauser and Dave Lake will oppose E. Rein.

## BILLIARDS and SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 17.)

these shores. It is considered by the cognoscenti that Horris Marshall, of Western Australia, who is representing the Commonwealth on this occasion, will secure the second success. He is, beyond question, far advanced from any previous amateur in Australian billiards, and it will not occasion surprise if he runs up a tally of record proportions. When it is remembered that the present record stands to the credit of Englishman Laurie Steeples at 461 unfinished, the task confronting Marshall can best be gauged. However, he is quite capable of topping the figures quoted, and has done so, unofficially, on a number of occasions. Best of good luck to him on his present mission and, if he lands the title we may well overlook the fact if he fails to break the record.

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## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

# Annual Race Meeting

FIRST DAY.

**MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1936**

### **The Maiden Handicap**

A HANDICAP OF £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £1/10/-.  
Seven Furlongs.

### **The Juvenile Stakes**

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.  
Five Furlongs.

### **The Carrington Stakes**

A HANDICAP OF £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1936, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9. Six Furlongs.  
(Entries close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 23rd.)

### **The Novice Handicap**

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted), exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.  
One Mile.

### **The Pace Welter**

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.  
One Mile.

### **The Denman Handicap**

A HANDICAP OF £350, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.  
One Mile and a Quarter.

**NOMINATIONS** for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 14th DECEMBER, 1936.

Weights for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—

For First Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 26th December; and for Second day, at 7 p.m. on Monday, 28th December, 1936, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 26th December, 1936, and  
For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 1 p.m. on Tuesday, 29th December, 1936.

Nominations for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of nomination fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be wired.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

**Penalties.**—In all flat races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicap, forfeits or acceptances.

157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

**ENTRIES FOR MINOR EVENTS CLOSE ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1936**